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DAREDEVIL®

"Fall from Grace" chapter 3

McDANIEL

THE S.H.I.E.L.D. HELICARRIER.

EVERY AIR-TRAFFIC CONTROLLER'S NIGHTMARE.

COLONEL NICHOLAS FURY JOINED THE ARMY TO SERVE HIS COUNTRY, AND ENDED UP RUNNING AN OUTFIT THAT SAFEGUARDS THE WORLD.

WHEN YOU WALK THE FENCE THAT SEPARATES FREEDOM FROM TERRORISM, YOUR CHIEF RESPONSIBILITY IS TO THE BIG PICTURE.

MOTHERLESS FREELANCE OPERATIVES...

...KEEP ME POSTED!

IT HAS TO BE TO THE BIG PICTURE. BECAUSE ANY ORGANIZATION, NO MATTER HOW HUGE, CAN'T AFFORD TO TRACK 5 BILLION-PLUS PEOPLE AS INDIVIDUALS...

ABOUT FACE

ME

...JUST AS ONE MAN CAN'T AFFORD TO FORGET THE PERSONAL TRAGEDIES OF THE PAST SO UNCOMFORTABLY CLOSE TO HOME.

COLONEL FURY, SIR, WE WEREN'T EXPECTING--

LIFE'S FULLA SURPRISES! CLEAR THE DECK, I'M COMIN' IN!

KENKOY, YOU LEATHERNECK SONUVA--!

KRAAM

ARE YOU INSANE, FURY?! YOU HAVEN'T SCRUBBED--

--YOU'RE ENDANGERING THIS PATIENT'S LIFE!

BELLWETHER, T

REALLY, HARRY? I'D SAY SHE'S PAST WORRYING...

YOU WANNA EXPLAIN WHERE YOU GET OFF PLAYIN' WITH LIVES?! MY PEOPLE AIN'T FUEL FER YER SICK "VIRUS" EXPERIMENTS!

WHO GAVE YOU THE RIGHT TO PLAY GOD?!

ABOUT FACE

TOP SECRET

TWAAP

"ABOUT FACE" GOT ITS APPROVAL FROM THE U.S. DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE--I ANSWER TO UNCLE SAM, NOT THE HOLY FATHER!

AS FOR YOU, FURY, IT'S MY UNDERSTANDING "GENERAL" STILL OUTRANKS "COLONEL!"

OH, MY-- DID I FORGET TO SALUTE?

ORDERS, COLONEL?

HANG 'IM OFF THE FLIGHT DECK UNTIL HE LEARNS TO SAY 'IS PRAYERS!

MAYBE I JUST TOOK OVER THIS SKY-HIGH SKUNK WORKS, KENKOY, BUT I'M WILLIN' TO PUT IT ALL ON THE LINE--

--JUST TO SEE YOU AN' YER TWISTED PROJECT GO DOWN!

YOU DIDN'T DESERVE THIS, LADY... I'M SORRY.

I'M SORRY...

NEW YORK, NEW YORK. A HECK OF A TOWN.

A PACT WITH A MONSTER NAMED KENKOY COST EDDIE PASSIM THE WOMAN HE LOVED, AND SET HIM ON A YEARS-LONG RUN FROM DAMNATION.

NOW, RECLAIMING THE LOST PART OF HIS SOUL MEANS STRIKING ANOTHER DEAL--

--WITH AN ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT KIND OF DEVIL.

Those who set in motion the forces of evil cannot always control them afterwards.

Charles Waddell Chestnutt,
The Marrow of Tradition

Stan Lee PRESENTS:

FALL FROM GRACE PART 3-

CONFRONTATION

by D.G. CHICHESTER & SCOTT McDANIEL • INKERS COLLAZO & RANKIN • LETTERER BILL OAKLEY • COLORIST MAX SCHEELE • EDITOR RALPH MACCHIO • CHIEF TOM DEFALCO

GENTLE HANDS TRACE OVER SWELLED BRUISES, COMFORTING AS THEY GUIDE THE LIMP BODY DOWN.

WAIT HERE.

STRONG FINGERS PROBE THE GRIT-RUST AROUND THE WINDOW LOCK, SENSING THE GIVE AND TAKE THAT WILL SPRING IT OPEN.

YOU'RE... YOU'RE BLIND!

WHAT GIVES YOU THAT--?

DON'T BOTHER--YOU'RE NOT FOOLIN' ME.

TELEPATH, REMEMBER?

Hmm. THAT'S WHAT STARTED THIS ALL, EDDIE-- YOU GETTING INTO OTHER HOMELESS FOLKS HEADS AND MESSING THEM UP.

AS FOR BEING "EXTREMELY NEARSIGHTED"...

...DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I MANAGE.

GIVE ME A SECOND TO--

ALL THOSE YEARS SURVIVIN' THE STREET, DAREDEVIL...

...DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. I MANAGE, TOO!

EDDIE!

ULLF!

A RECKLESS CONCERN FOR ANOTHER'S SAFETY DOES THE REST.

INTERNAL RADAR ECHOES BACK STROBING FORM.

I SHOULDA BEEN MORE OPEN-MINDED LIKE THAT BACK WHEN--

--BACK WHEN KENKOY CUT HER--

--AN' USED BITS AN' PIECES FOR THE SOUP HE WAS COOKIN' UP INTO HIS VIRUS!

WHY GO IT ALONE WHEN THERE'S A HELPING HAND?

O-OKAY.

I'LL BUY INTO THAT.

I CAN... "READ"... THE LETTERING IMPRES-SIONS--

THAT'S HER... THAT'S MY THERESA.

D.O.D
PASSIM, EDWARD
001-692-212-TEL
ESPER DIV. LVL
PENTAGON
3

--D.O.D.... DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE?
--

--BUT THE PICTURE... I CAN'T...

IT'S NOT SO MUCH HOW SHE LOOKED, IT'S HOW SHE MADE ME FEEL. THINK... THINK OF SOMEONE YOU LOVED...

... AN' SOMEONE WHO LOVED YOU! IF IT'S STRONG ENOUGH, IT'S THE SAME KINDA CHARGE! LIKE YOUR LADY FRIEND...

ELEKTRA.

WORM FOOD NOW, HUH?

TOUGH BREAK.

WE'RE NOT HERE TO DEAL WITH MY PAST, EDDIE. IT'S YOURS THAT'S GOT ME WORRIED.

THIS VIRUS... AND USING PIECES OF THERESA?

OH, YEAH, YOU BETCHA. TEENY-TINY ONES. BRAIN CELLS.

THERESA, SHE WAS LIKE ME-- A TELE-PATH. WORKIN' FOR SHIELD'S ESPer GROUP.

TAC. SYS. ENGAGE

TNT-- THAT'S WHAT WE CALLED KENKOY, 'CAUSE YOU CROSS 'IM, HE'D EXPLODE-- HE GENE-SPLICED HER PARTS INTO HIS VIRUS. SNIP-SNIP.

FOR GOD'S SAKE... WHY?

SRCHFILE. ON

SORTFILE. ON

IDFILE. ON

00141
00412

HOLO. TRAC. ENABLE

SO THE VIRUS WOULD "LISTEN"! YOU TOLD IT-- YOU THOUGHT IT-- WHAT TO DO! AND IT'D GO TO WORK ON YOUR INSIDES TO MAKE IT SO...

THE CRAZINESS YOU WERE "PROJECTING" --"A WAY TO CHANGE"...

NOT SO CRAZY NOW, HUH? CHANGE THINGS ANY WAY YOU'D LIKE, DAREDEVIL! MAKE THE CRIPPLED WALK, THE BLIND SEE...

THE CYBORG DOESN'T EVEN KNOW HOW HIS MONITORING SYSTEM WORKS.

THAT'S NOT NECESSARY TO SEIZE ON THE POTENTIAL OF WHAT HIS TARGETS ARE TALKING ABOUT.

OR THE LIVING... DEAD.

THAT, TOO. TNT WAS A MILITARY MAN.

HIS NAME IS SIEGE, AND MAYBE THERE'S A PART OF A SOLDIER NAMED JOHN KELLY DEEP INSIDE.

OR MAYBE IT'S JUST A COMPUTER PROGRAM WITH DELUSIONS OF HUMANITY.

MENTALLY CONTROLED GERM WARFARE. NOT BAD.

TAC.SYS.PAUSE...

NICK FURY HIRED HIM TO RECOVER A PILE OF CYBORG-WRECKAGE NAMED JOHN GARRETT, STOLEN BY THE HAND--

--NINJA TERRORISTS ALSO RESPONSIBLE FOR LIFTING A PENTAGON FILE ON A DECADES-OLD PROJECT CALLED "ABOUT FACE."

MISSION_FILE_HN

KELLY--

--IF IT IS HIM--

--THINKS BACK TO A TIME WHEN LIFE WAS MORE THAN GRAPHIC DISPLAYS AND SIMULATED IMPRESSIONS.

C'MERE, NOW, COME HERE...

MAYBE THIS VIRUS COULD CHANGE HIM, HE THINKS. MAYBE GIVE HIM BACK WHAT IT'S LIKE TO REALLY TOUCH THE WORLD AROUND.

TAC.SYS.ENGAGE

...GOTCHA!

WEAPON_SYS-STARTUP

AND LET SIEGE ONCE AGAIN FEEL THE THRILL OF BATTLE.

WITH THE INNER CIRCLE OF THE HAND--THE SNAKEROOT.

IN A PLACE THAT STINKS OF OBSCENITY.

CAREFULLY --I SAID CAREFULLY!

STOP RIDING ME, GENKOTSU!

I ONLY CAUTION, BUDO! CARE MUST BE TAKEN.

GARRETT'S FEVERED MIND HOLDS THE ESSENCE OF THE ELEKTRA HE KNEW--

THIS IS HARD ENOUGH WITHOUT YOU LECTURING, TORTURER!

--THE ASSASSIN WE SEEK TO PROVIDE LIFE FOR OUR NEWEST MEMBER!

THE BEAST WE SERVE DEMANDS A SHOW OF OUR STRENGTH, AND THE WARRIORS WE CREATE HERE TONIGHT--

--ONE OF COLD METAL, ONE OF COLD FLESH-- MUST PROVIDE THAT DISPLAY! THERE IS NO ROOM FOR ERROR, GENKOTSU!

IT IS ALMOST DONE, LORD DAITO!

YOU'RE SO SMUG, TORTURER--IT'S BARELY BEGUN!

WITHOUT "ABOUT FACE," WE CAN'T PERMANENTLY FUSE THIS PIECE OF ELEKTRA'S PSYCHE TO THE CORPSE!

SO MUCH A STUDENT OF THE MILITARY WAY, BUDO... YET LACK OF DISCIPLINE BLINDS YOU TO ALL BUT THE MOST OBVIOUS STRATEGY.

LORD DAITO, I--

LISTEN--AND LEARN!

WE GIVE THIS SHELL THE DARKEST PART OF ELEKTRA--THAT OF THE MERCILESS KILLER--AND SET HER TO RECOVER THE VIRUS FOR US!

SHE EARNS THE RIGHT TO HER MOCKERY OF LIFE, AND REMEMBERS IT WAS THE SNAKEROOT OF THE HAND THAT GAVE HER THAT CHANCE!

THEN WE HAVE A WARRIOR TRULY LOYAL TO HER CAUSE, ONE WHO WILL NEVER SHY FROM THE BLOOD THAT IS OUR STOCK IN TRADE!

LIKE THE LEGENDARY SPIRITS OF ANGER FROM ELEKTRA'S HOMELAND, WE WILL HAVE A LIVING AND WRATHFUL ERYNYS...

BEN URICH'S PLACE.

THE APARTMENT OF A GREAT METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER REPORTER.

DORIS... DORIS, DID YOU HEAR SOMETHING?

JUS' YOUR SNORIN'... G'BACK T' SLEEP...

KREESH!

IT SOUNDED LIKE FROM THE OFFICE...

SONUVA--! DORIS! DORIS, CALL 911!

HEY!

GOTCHA, YOU SORRY--!

KLAANG!

MY HAND-- URRK!

SHRIIIP!

ULLF!

OMIGOD-- BEN! WHAT HAPPENED-- WHY DIDN'T YOU WAKE ME?!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?!

I'M FINE, HON...

...AND I REALLY SHOWED THAT *FILE CABINET* A THING OR TWO!

KLIK

"NO, I HAVEN'T HAD TIME TO *FIGURE* WHAT'S *MISSING*."

"... PROBABLY SOME JUNKIE WHO BUSTED INTO MY PLACE LOOKING FOR ANYTHING TO PAY FOR THE NEXT FIX! I'M MORE CONCERNED WITH CATCHING UP HERE!"

LOCKED OUT OF HERE THOSE COUPLA DAYS WHILE JAMESON DID HIS MACHO-MONEY DANCE WITH THAT CORPORATE RAIDER STRANG...

... I WAS SO STIR-CRAZY FOR COPY, I EVEN HAD MY INTERN TRYING TO HACK INTO MY COMPUTER FILES!

UH-HUH, COLLEGE KID FROM ANTIOCH. SARA HARRINGTON.

SORRY... SORRY I'M LATE, MR. URICH! I HAD A DOCTOR'S--

--I MEAN--

ALL RIGHT, I'LL CALL LATER!

NO EXCUSES, HARRINGTON! RE-PORTER-WANNABE LIKE YOU KNOWS THE "BIG STORY" DOESN'T WAIT ON A NOTE FROM MOM AND DAD!

GET DOWN TO THE DARKROOM. PICK ME UP PARKER'S SHOTS OF--

--WHAT'D YOU DO TO YOUR HAND?

NOTHING! IT'S--

NOTHING, I SAID. I-I'LL GET THOSE PHOTOS...

IT DOESN'T LOOK LIKE NOTHING. IT LOOKS LIKE--

JFK AIRPORT. AN HOUR'S CAB RIDE OUT OF MANHATTAN...

...ASSUMING THE DRIVER KNOWS WHAT COUNTRY HE'S IN.

WE KNOW THIS IS DIFFICULT, MRS. WILSON, BUT IF YOU'D PLEASE REPEAT ONE MORE TIME...

THE CRAZY MAN-- THE ONE WITH THE GUN --HE GLANCED OUT THE WINDOW. HE-- HE STOPPED YELLING ABOUT POLITICS--

--AND STARTED SCREAMING, "THERE'S A MAN ON THE WING OF THIS PLANE!" H-HE SHOT THE WINDOW, IT EXPLODED--

--AND THIS BLACK... OOZE-- LIKE THAT MOVIE, "THE BLOB"?-- IT TOOK HIS GUN AND COVERED THE WINDOW FROM THE OUTSIDE!

AND THEN IT ASKED IF WE KNEW ANY SING-ALONGS...

SING-ALONGS... uh-huh. BEFORE YOU SPEAK TO THE PRESS, MRS. WILSON...

...THERE'S A NICE MAN AT THE STATION WHO'D PROBABLY LIKE A WORD WITH YOU... A DR. MATHESON...

ASK ME, PALLY, AN' I'LL TELL YA, 'CAUSE JOEY B. SEEN IT ALL! LACK'A OXYGEN, HALLUCINATIONS--

--AND THE COMPANY'LL COVER IT ALL UP WITH PASSEN-GER PAYOFFS AND TRAVEL VOUCHERS!

'COURSE, SOMETHIN' KEPT THAT CABIN FROM TOTALLY DEPRESSURIZIN' WHEN WHACKO TOOK OUT THE WINDOW...

...GUESS THOSE FOLKS'VE GOT A PROTECTOR OF ONE SORT OR ANOTHER, hm?

mm-hmm.

A LETHAL ONE...

ITS NAME IS VENOM: PART SOCIAL OUTCAST EDDIE BROCK, PART ALIEN SYMBIOTE, ALL MALICE.

SOME PEOPLE GET SICK OF NEW YORK. VENOM'S COME HOME TO GET SICK.

WITH A VIRUS THAT WILL MAKE THIS DEADLY VIGILANTE ALL-POWERFUL...

WORLDWIDE PLAZA.

THE OFFICES OF FRANKLIN "FOGGY" NELSON AND MATTHEW MICHAEL MURDOCK, ATTORNEYS AT LAW.

I'M SORRY, SIR-- COLONEL FURY IS GENERALLY NOT AVAILABLE TO TAKE CALLS FROM THE PUBLIC!

LISTEN, OPERATOR, TELL HIM IT'S MATT MURDOCK, AND--!

I'M TRANSFERRING YOU NOW TO SOMEONE WHO CAN ASSIST YOU, SIR!

SKREET!

YOU HAVE REACHED THE SHIELD AUTOMATED VOICE-MAIL SYSTEM. IF YOU ARE CALLING FROM A TOUCH-TONE--

OPERATOR! OPERATOR, I WANT TO SPEAK TO A HUMAN--!

NOT IN TODAY'S WORLD OF SILI-CON RELAYS! YOU'RE LIVING IN THE PAST, PARTNER...

LOOK, THIS IS AN IMPORTANT CALL, FOGGY-- LET ME CATCH UP WITH YOU IN A--

I WAS ABOUT TO SAY, "SPEAKING OF THE PAST..." --HEY, GIVE ME A MINUTE HERE, MATT!

THERE ARE THINGS HERE YOU HAVEN'T GOTTEN TO IN SO LONG--

I SAID THIS IS IMPORTANT, FOGGY! NOW JUST GIVE ME TILL LATER, AND I PROMISE--

SKRNK!

NO MORE PROMISES, MATT.

NO LATER. NOW.

I'VE GOT A LOT GOING ON RIGHT NOW, FOGGY, MORE THAN YOU'RE AWARE OF. THINGS I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR.

THERE'S A LOT GOING ON IN THIS OFFICE, TOO, MATT-- AND I'M AWARE OF EVERY BIT OF IT!

PAPERWORK YOU'RE EQUALLY RESPONSIBLE FOR--

--DAY-TO-DAY DETAILS THAT MAKE THIS OUTFIT RUN!

HAVE I MADE ANY LEGAL ERRORS?

OF COURSE NOT-- YOU'RE TOO SHARP FOR THAT, IT'S TOO EASY FOR YOU, AND YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT WHAT I'M SAYING!

LOOK, MATT, I KNOW HOW IMPORTANT YOUR OTHER LIFE OUT THERE IS! BUT THIS IS WHAT I'VE GOT --THIS IS ALL I'VE GOT--

--AND I CAN'T HAVE YOU CAUSING CONFLICT WITH THE 9 TO 5 OF WHAT WE'RE TRYING TO BUILD IN HERE!

WHAT-- WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, "WHAT DO I MEAN"?

MURDOC

THAT COMMENT. "OTHER LIFE."

NOTHING. NOT A THING.

DON'T FORGET YOUR CANE.

TAP TAP TAP TAP

EDDIE TOLD DAREDEVIL ALMOST EVERYTHING HE COULD REMEMBER--

--ABOUT KENKOY WANTING A LARGE-SCALE TEST OF THE VIRUS MANY YEARS AGO--

--WITH EDDIE BEING THE TELEPATHIC "TRIGGER" THAT WOULD DICTATE CHANGES WARPING THOUSANDS.

AND, THAT THE PROTOTYPE HAD BEEN HORRIBLY--THANKFULLY-- LOST IN THE CITY SUBWAYS BEFORE IT COULD BE USED.

EDDIE TOLD ALMOST EVERYTHING... BUT SOME THINGS HE KEPT FOR HIMSELF.

ENDLESS HOURS-INTO-WEEKS AT THE ESPer STATION. LONG ROWS OF TELEPATHS HOOKED INTO THRUMMING EQUIPMENT--

--FEARFUL TECHNOLOGY-BOOSTING MENTAL POWER TO REACH OUT AND BRING THE WORLD'S SECRETS BACK TO SHIELD.

TOUCHING SO MANY MINDS, BUT NEVER TOUCHED BACK. FROM THAT LONELINESS, TWO REACH OUT WITH THEIR OWN SECRET--

--NOT ACROSS THE WORLD, BUT JUST ACROSS THE WAY.

EDDIE PASSIM AND THERESA BELLWETHER SHARE A LIFETIME OF MEMORIES IN THEIR THOUGHTS...

...DREAMING OF A FUTURE TOGETHER...

...UNTIL THE NIGHTMARE TAKES HOLD.

HOW DO YOU WANT IT, GENERAL KENKOY?

CLEAN HER UP, BUT KEEP HER UNDER.

WE'LL START CUTTING IN A WEEK...

AND NEVER, NEVER LETS GO.

THERESA...

KWATHHT!

STOP TORTURING YOURSELF WITH THE PAST, EDWARD!

THERE'S NO PLACE FOR SUCH WEAKNESS IN YOUR FUTURE AMONG THE SNAKEROOT!

ENTEKI, BUDO... TREAT EDWARD WITH CARE AND DIGNITY.

BUT DON'T HESITATE TO BATTER HIM INTO SUBMISSION IF HE CHOOSES NOT TO COME ALONG GENTLY.

'BOUT TIME YOU NINJA RODENTS CRAWLED OUTTA THE WOODWORK!

FIGURED YOU'D COME HUNTIN' THIS PASSIM CHUMP FOR THE VIRUS-- NOW YOU TAKE ME TO WHAT'S LEFT'A GARRETT!

N-NO... NOT ANOTHER ONE!

THE SITUATION'S CLEAR, EVEN TO A BLIND MAN.

I AM TEKAGI, CYBORG, AND I WILL GLADLY BRING YOU TO JOHN--

--AS SPARE PARTS!

OR AT LEAST ONE WHOSE RADAR SKETCHES A RELATIVE INNOCENT ABOUT TO GO DOWN IN A CROSSFIRE.

KRAAASH!

LEAST I GOT SPARE PARTS TO FALL BACK ON, SNAKEROOT--

--WHEN I'M FINISHED HERE, WON'T BE *NOTHIN'* THEY CAN DO TO PUT YOU BACK *TOGETHER!*

PAST THE THUNDERING ROAR AND BITTER SMELL OF AIR CHARGED WITH ELECTRICITY--

--FOCUSING ON THE SMALL AND RACING HEARTBEAT OF A LONELY MAN SO MANY WANT--

--NOT FOR WHO HE IS, BUT ONLY FOR WHAT HE KNOWS.

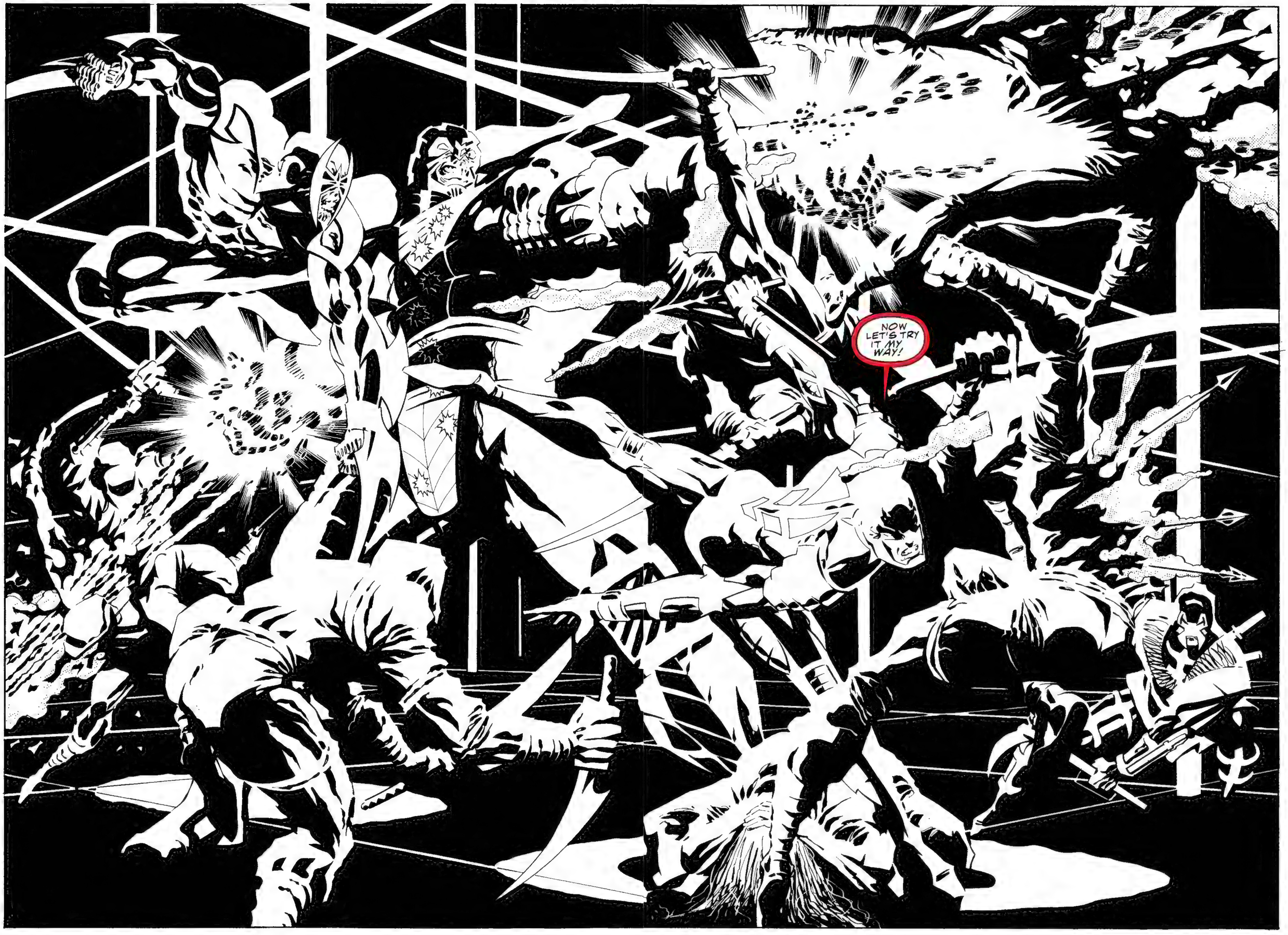
DAREDEVIL!

YOU'VE *INTERFERED* WITH THE *HAND* FOR THE *LAST TIME,* "HERO"!

ARROWHEADS PUSH FORWARD RIDGES OF AIR, HYPERSENSES TRACKING.

SNAAKT!

WASTE OF TIME.


NOW LET'S TRY IT MY WAY!

YOUR TROOPS ARE FOR SQUAT, TEKAGI-- THEY GO UP IN SMOKE IF I GIVE 'EM SO MUCH AS A MEAN LOOK!

BUT THEY KEEP COMING, CYBORG! AND WILL KEEP COMING UNTIL THEY'VE WORN YOU DOWN TO WHERE WE CAN CARVE YOU--

--ULLF!

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, EDDIE... GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

G-GENERAL?! KENKOY?!

OH DEAR LORD PLEASE--

EDDIE-- NO!

YOUR CARING LEADS TO CARELESSNESS, DAREDEVIL!

TRY PULLING THIS OUT OF THE AIR--

--AFTER I'VE PULLED THE BOWSTRING BACK TO MEET YOUR SPINE!

ARRRG!

DID YOU--DID YOU EXPECT ME TO FADE AWAY--LIKE THE INHUMAN NINJA DRONES YOU'VE FACED BEFORE?!

WE ARE SNAKEROOT, DAREDEVIL, AND DEATH IS SOMETHING VERY DIFFERENT TO--

THWOK!

N-NO... NOT--NOT YOU!

ENTEKI HAS GIVEN HIMSELF THAT WE MIGHT SEIZE OUR PRIZE!

REMEMBER HIM AS WE LEAVE THIS PLACE--QUICKLY, NOW! QUICKLY!

IT ONLY TAKES A SECOND TO DISENTANGLE FROM THE FALLEN BODY, BUT IN THAT BRIEF MOMENT, THE SHADOW WARRIORS VANISH--

--LEAVING BEHIND NO SCENT, NO SOUND NO TRACE FOR ENHANCED SENSES TO FOLLOW.

AND ALL THAT'S REFLECTED BACK IS THE WEAPON BURIED DEEP IN ENTEKI'S BACK.

A SAI?

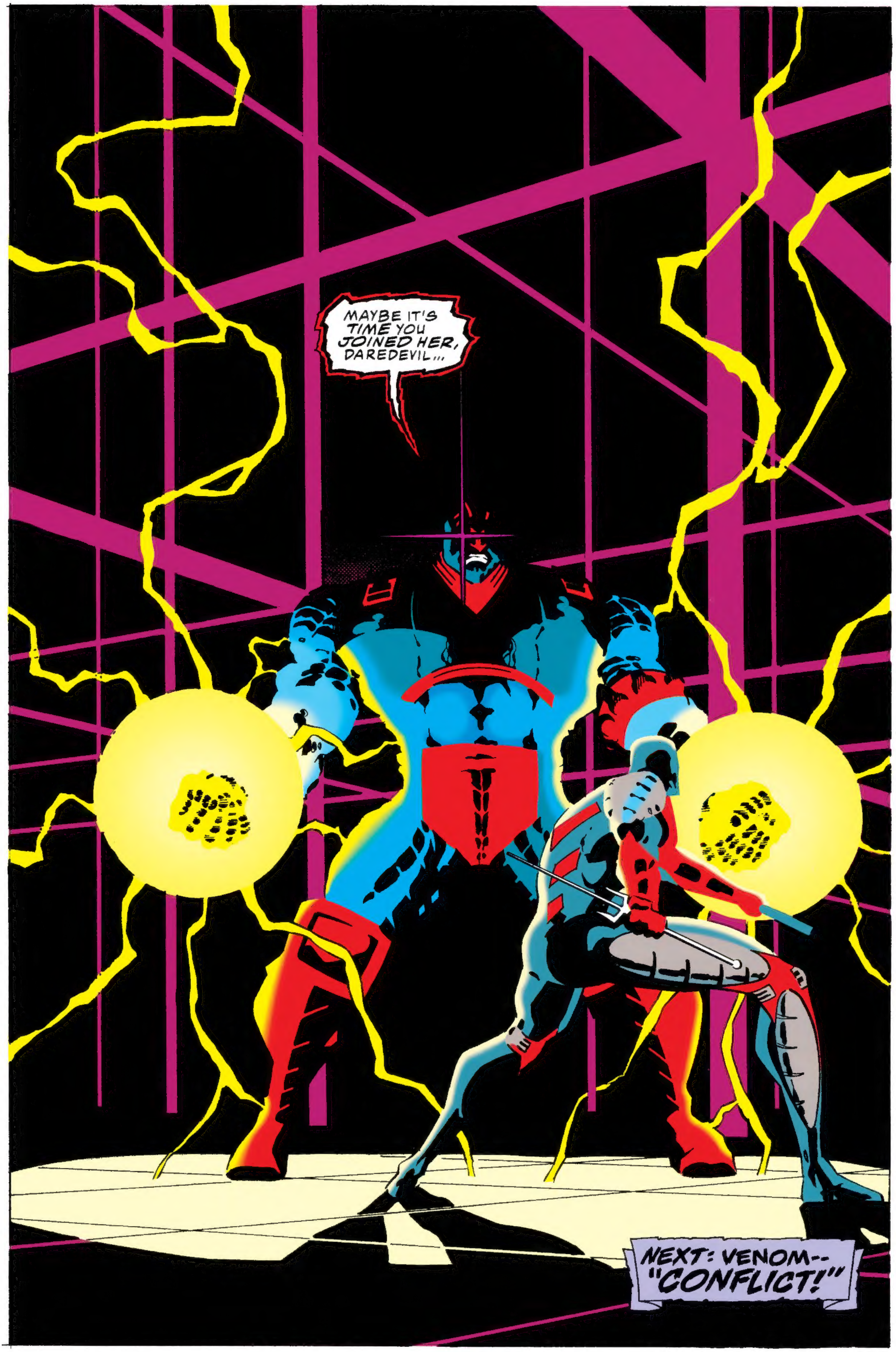
ANOTHER REMINDER OF THE WOMAN HE LOVED AND FOUGHT.

TANGIBLE NOW, AND NOT SO EASILY DISMISSED... OR UNDERSTOOD.

ELEKTRA?

STICK YOUR HORNS IN MY CAMPAIGN--GET IN MY FACE--SCREW WITH MY STRATEGY--AND THAT'S ALL YOU GOT TO SAY?!

WHAT'S-HER-NAME... KUNG FU ASSASSIN OR SOMETHIN', RIGHT? I HEAR SHE'S LONG DEAD!


MAYBE IT'S TIME YOU JOINED HER, DAREDEVIL...
NEXT: VENOM-- "CONFLICT!"